A POEM ON THE CORONATION OF King WILLIAM AND Queen MARY.

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TO THE

READER.

THough there's no great need of a Preface any more than good that comes on't, yet take this ſhort one; partly to comply with cuſtom, but chiefly to tell ſuch as are not Judges enough to diſcern it of themſelves, that theſe Lines were written calente calamo; *that moſt of 'em were call'd for by the Preſs, in ſo much haſt that they were ſcarce e're reviewed before they were Printed. That the roughneſs and uncorrectneſs all through 'em, is owing partly to haſt, and partly to neglect, (the Author not thinking it worth his time to be curious in ſuch a Trifle as Poetry) only in one place he chooſes it, for a Reaſon which any one knows that reads it, and underſtands Verſe. And laſtly that they were made before any others came out, or, he knew of any that wou'd, ſuch as they be let 'em e'ne take their Fate,*

To the Reader.

Fate, which whatever 'tis, is not worth much concern. — I think you and I have no more particular buſineſs together, therefore

Adieu.

A POEM
ON THE
CORONATION
OF
King WILLIAM
AND
Queen MARY.

WHere are you all, you lewd ignoble Race,
Who even *Tyrants* with your *Praiſe* diſgrace?
Whoſe *veering* Muſe, as faithleſs as the Wind,
Ply's in the ſtreets, and ſtill to th' next is *kind.*
No *ſide*, no Maſter your Profeſſion ſhames,
Still fulſom Flatterers you, from *Noll* to *James*!
Tyrants have need of *Lies*, and muſt requite
Each hungry Slave which in their Praiſe will *Write*,
Eaſie and ſmooth each *thoughtleſs* number flows,
And like the Gold which bought 'em *clink* i'th' cloſe.
But when a real *Virtue* calls you on,
Your Sinews ſhrink, and all your force is gone;
Whether you're with the *Maſſy* Theme undone,
Or that ſuch *Beetles* can't behold the Sun.
" You cannot praiſe an *Orange* if you wou'd,
" And to ſay truth, 'twere pity that you ſhou'd:

Flattery ſo much he hates, he ſhall not know
That *ſecret Loyal Name* that tells him ſo:
The *Service* do's far more than pay the *Task*,
I ſeek no *Lawrels*, as no *Gold* I ask:
Since all the Scrib'ling *Herd* beſide refuſe,
Love now, as *anger* once, ſhall make a Muſe:
I'de have a certain rugged bravery ſhine,
In honeſt ſenſe thro' each *true Engliſh* Line:
Plain truth, muſt, ſince 'tis *natural*, needs be *Wit*,
Such as Old *Chaucer*, or Young *Oldham* writ;
And ſince my Verſe is truth and *Reaſon* too,
John Hopkins, or *John Bunyans Rhimes* will do.

Great Prince — I cannot graſp thy whole deſign,
No more than meaſure Heav'n with Mortal Line;
Earth ſcarce has more than two cou'd undergo it,
Dryden if honeſt, *Burnet* if a Poet:
The reſt who can, or dare, attempt for me,
Thy Coronation ſhall my Province be:
I'll reach thoſe Glories, ſoar they ne're ſo high,
Or elſe, like *Strada's* Bird, I'll burſt and dye.

Heaven has the News already — ſure the Light,
Earlier than uſual gets the ſtart of Night.
The Roſie Morn her ſelf betimes is dreſt,
Before the Sun ſhe leaves her ſpicie Neſt,
As if great *Norfolk* order'd ſhe ſhou'd go,
As well as all the Beauties here below;

And down to Earth, in all his richeſt Pride,
The Youthful Sun conducts his lovely Bride;
His Hand adorn'd with his own Golden *Globe*,
Ermins of Cloud and Light thick powd'ring o're his Robe.
Ceaſe Virgins! ceaſe! your *Flowers* and *Herbs* to fling,
Tis done before--for he has ſent the *Spring*.
Flora her ſelf, by him who lov'd her beſt,
Whom moſt ſhe lov'd, her Friend, her *Cowley* dreſt;
With all the ſweets the blooming World cou'd yield,
With all the plunder'd Beauties of the Field;
Flora approaches, who did long prepare
With Flowers the Earth, with Heav'nly Sweets the Air:
A Thouſand little Loves flew looſly round;
Now with ſoft Purple Wings they bruſht the ground;
And then in pretty figures fall and riſe,
And play at hide and ſeek in ev'ry Beauties Eyes;
Till pleaſantly intangled in their Hair,
They turn to *Silver drops*, and *tremble* there.
A Sky revers'd, an *azure path* they lay;
What need? they might have Hearts to 've pav'd the way:
A ready Army waits their Princes call;
What need? he's Lov'd, and ſure that's more than all:
Thus God's encompaſt with the Heroes go,
Not for a Guard, but only Pomp and Show.
The mingled Glories my weak *ſight* confound,
As that in Light, my Soul in wonder drown'd:

O ſtay your Pomp if you wou'd let us ſee!
Either leſs bright, or more deliberate be!
The Stars ſo thick i th' *Galaxy* are ſown,
From one another they can ne'r be known.
Goſpel and *Law* eſpouſe the *Prince*'s cauſe,
The *King* is Crown'd byth' *Goſpel* and the *Laws*.
Firſt Hail you reverend Names -- accept your due!
As much unknown to me as I to you:
Your Faces and your Names to Fame I owe,
Nor can the Sun appear *Incognito*.
You Noble Confeſſors, who ſtemm'd the rage
Of an ungrateful Court, and ſlaviſh Age.
Envy and Malice! ſtop your Snaky tongue,
No longer now a Royal Virtue wrong!
The ſtrongeſt props on either ſide they bring,
The Maxim holds -- *no Biſhop ſtill, no King*:
A Proteſtant was ne'r ungrateful known,
He bears them in his Breaſt, who bore him to his Throne.
One only in the crowd appears ſo bright,
He muſt be known by his own *Lambent* Light:
Himſelf a Muſe! nor once did he diſdain,
With Heavenly Verſe to grace our humble plain:
What Majeſty in every motion lies?
What *Engliſh* ſweetneſs plays about his Eyes?
His Face with love at once, and reverence ſmites,
O Heavens! and how he *looks*? juſt as he *writes*:

The

The venerable Snow how ſweetly ſpread,
Like *Aarons* Oyl around his Sacred Head?
I need not name him, as I need not fear,
The World ſhou'd think I flatter R---.
Ask not the reſt of me; but ask of Fame,
In *Europe*'s furtheſt bounds you'll hear their Name.
The generous *London*, *Aſaph* Learn'd and Sage,
And all thoſe other Glories of their Age:
London, whom we'll our Lands *Elijah* call;
Whoſe *Engliſh* Knees, beſure, ne're bow'd to *Baal*.
Burnet the Great, whom ſpite of envy's ſnarl,
The World ſhall call our ſecond *Albemarle*;
Who, when his Pen ith' noble cauſe did draw,
Conquer'd and triumph'd e're he came and ſaw.
A ſecond race of Worthies next appear,
Who merit all thoſe Miters, now ſo near;
Court-cringers now no more the Sees ſhall ſhare,
But worth, and ſolid virtue place Men there.
Judicious *Scarlet* next advances on,
Bold and erect - Diſpenſing Power is gon;
They turn their Books, and know what's Law again,
Nor have they ſtudy'd fifty years in vain.
Pleaſure for *Right* they need no more declare,
Nor need their *Faces* bluſh at what they *wear*.
Hail! bleſt *Aſtræa*! doubly welcome you,
And Faith, and Peace, and Truth, and Virtue too;

 Theſe

These make your Pomp, and form your happy Train,
With *Orange* these and you return again!
Nor more shall Judges fill the *English* Bench;
With *Irish* Consciences, and *Irish* Sense.
What if no Cobwebs, or no Spiders there,
When such as these spun Law at *Westminster*!

Rise *London* rise! thro' all thy ruines crowd!
Arise and speak thy Scars and Wounds aloud!
As bold and loud as he alone could dare,
Whose equal Shoulders thy vast Honors bear.
Is this, is this the Man whom once we saw,
Banter'd and prest to Death by Forms of Law;
From all his well deserved Honours torn,
And thence to Jails, and Dens, and Dungeons born?
Enough! since him you thus to th' World restore,
Ye Gods! we'll blame your *Providence* no more.

O *Argus*, lend thine Eyes this sight to view,
Tho' ten times doubled, they'd be all too few!
So vast a pleasure for one hour to find,
What Stoick wou'd not be for ever blind!
Sure moral Beauty knows not such extremes,
And these are either Goddesses, or Dreams.
If Bridges were but laid from every Shore,
The Men, as well as Women would run o're,
Crowd all the way, and at their Feet adore.

Let the *dull* Mob your Gold or Jewels prize,
I'll gaze on your much more *illustrious* Eyes.
Not *only* example honestly revives;
When such as you, Men *can't but* love their Wives.
I own you're bright, I own you're wondrous fair,
But ah! there is not one *Cosmelia* there.
Is time roll'd back again? What is't we see?
Sure here's a ten times triple *Heptarchy*.
An Hundred *English Kings* by pairs advance,
Each of 'em brave enough to conquer *France*.
Nassau the *German* Glory with him brings,
And boasts himself the Emperor of Kings.
Let *Severn* tell its *Miracles* no more,
A greater, *Thames*! adorns thy crouded Shore;
Tho *Severn* boasts she bore the Glorious Load,
When *Edgar sat*, and thirty *Princes row'd*.
Look down you Hero's! *Courcy*! *Talbot*! *Vere*!
Look down, and see new Triumphs forming here!
Your *Lawrels* withering long in shamefull ease,
Shoot up anew, and promise large increase;
A Hero's *half a God*, and shares his praise,
To crush the proud, and the oppress to raise:
Tremble proud *France*, and curst *Hibernia*'s Shore,
The *Belgick* and the *English Lions* roar.
Slaves -- know your Masters once again! for you
Are used to crouch as *England* to subdue:

What need of Swords? we'll rather Whips prepare,
The fitteſt Arms for ſuch a *Servile War*.
Cluſters of Men, each houſe, as they go by:
And theſe converted all to *voice* and *Eye*:
Piled up, as if to *Heav'n* the News they'd bear,
And call the *Angels* down our Bliſs to ſhare:
Unbought, unaskt, loud acclamations flow,
And *tears* of *Joy* burſt out where e'r they go.
The Rabble's *ſelf*, with *Reaſon* ſcarce endu'd,
Can yet pretend to *Senſe* and *Gratitude*;
Inclin'd by Heav'n one way their Heads are *born*,
As gentle *breezes* bend the ripening *Corn*:
May Juſtice cut thoſe *weeds* our Fields infeſt,
And their ſtill riſing Glories *burn* the reſt!

All you whom Int'reſt, Guilt, or Envy ſway,
Who with *diſtorted* looks or minds obey;
Who *Egypts Sav'ry* Gods wou'd ſtill adore,
And *hug* again thoſe Chains you *curſt* before;
Who ſore againſt your wills deliver'd be,
From the lov'd Yoke of *Sin* and *Slavery*.
Come hither -- ſee your *Saviours* paſſing by,
Then murmur, grin, and rave, and burſt, and dye.

Where are you now you black *Ignatian* crew?
Scarce *Lucifer* ſo black ſo foul as you:
Are you, like Witches caught, of power bereft,
No daring *Clement*, no *Raviliac* left?

A Conſecrated *Dagger* or *Carbine*,
Had without *France* retriev'd your great deſign;
Had *Lopp'd* the Sacred Head before 'twas *Crown'd*,
And laid the Hopes of *Europe* on the ground.
We will not *ſcandalize* you that you meant,
What Jeſuits yet ne'r thought of -- to repent:
It cou'd not ſure be any want of *Will*:
'Tis your *Religion*, and your *Trade* to Kill.
No -- 'twas the *Angels* who kept ſecret ward,
And marcht along the *Yeomen of his Guard*:
You and your *fellow Fiends* alike they chain,
Who gnaſh their Teeth, and laſh their ſides, and rave in vain.
Thoſe Angels who had that bleſt Task enjoyn'd,
To fan the Navy on with *proſperous wind*;
Who then the adverſe Army did confound
And as of old, when curſt *Egyptians* drown'd,
Lookt panick *Fear*, and *Terror* all around.
If juſt Enquirers ever cou'd *make ſenſe*,
O'th' Hieroglyphick Lines of Providence:
If by the *niceſt* thought it can be gueſs'd,
When Heav'n is *angry* grown, or when 'tis *pleas'd*;
Ordains a *Bleſſing*, or *permits* a *Crime*;
This hour, this happy moment ſure's the Time.
How *legibly* through all the action ſhine,
Th' applauding *Seals*, and *Characters* divine?

Wondrous and ſudden, bloodleſs, timely calm;
A *quiet* Conqu'ror, crown'd with peaceful Palm.
How many ways, how kind, how juſtly you
Great *Orange*! govern what you did ſubdue;
Like our Seventh *Henry* you've of Titles choice,
Succeſſion, Marriage, War, the Peoples Voice.
If by that *Iron* Law you don't ſucceed,
Which takes the next what e'r the *State* may need;
Nor ſo did many a Noble Warrior more,
Who graſp'd our pondrous Scepter long before:
If *Love's* ſoft bonds with *Right* and *Strength* combine;
And you, like *Henry*, *Mars* and *Venus* joyn.
Let's the two *Heireſſes* together ſet;
How far do's *Mary* out-ſhine his *Margaret*?
Reſiſtleſs Titles you from *Force* might draw,
Like the firſt *William*, make your Sword your Law.
For though by Love the *People* you ſubdue,
Th' *Oppreſſors* from your Sword and Juſtice flew:
But theſe you ſcorn; 'twas not for *Crowns* you came,
'Twas *Glory only* was the nobler aim;
Glory the *firſt*, Crowns but the *after-Game*.
'Tis great to be a *King*, but *more* to quell
Th' united powrs of *France*, of *Rome*, and *Hell*.
Hence *willing* Nations kiſs your Peaceful Sword,
Kneel low, and beg, you'd ſtoop to be their *Lord*.

Thus did at first their People Kings engage,
In the bright Evening of the *Golden Age*:
When unsophisticated *Nature* knew,
Without a Tutor, what she ought to do.
When some brave *Hero*, Godlike, Wise and Stout,
Against the neighb'ring *Robbers* led 'em out:
Or kill'd some *Monster*, who their Folds destroy'd;
'Twas then the grateful People over-joy'd,
Before their great Deliverer all kneel down,
And beg he'd wear their homely *Oaken Crown*.
If e're that weighty Truth did clearly shine,
The Voice o' th' *People* is the Voice *Divine*:
If *All* can't be deceiv'd, but what they *do*,
Must needs be *just*, as what *All speak* is *true*.
When *Pilots* leave the Rudder in a Storm,
If the next *Seamen*, shou'd their work perform;
If a *mad* Master shou'd not be obey'd;
If his Religion makes him more than *mad*.
If all the *sweets* of Government were flown,
The poys'nous *Dregs*, and *Faces* left alone.
If *Europe's* groans and wrongs deserve redress,
If *just* to punish prosperous wickedness;
If what a high *necessity* requires,
If what three Nations, and the *World* desires:
If *Virtues* such as wou'd almost alone,
Amount t' a lawful Title to the Throne.

Great Prince, your *Title*'s firm, no flaw, no ſtain;
Firm as your *Britain*, rooted in the main.
How *nice* a thing is Praiſe -- how ſecret be
The narrow Lines 'twixt that and *Flattery*?
When ſome lewd *Dawber* draws his Prince's Face,
What he wou'd Honour, he do's more Diſgrace;
With all the Crowns, with all the Gold he throws,
Still more unlike the *Life* his Picture ſhows.
If my *officious* Love ſhou'd do the ſame,
My *power*, and not my *will* muſt bear the blame.
Had Heav'n it ſelf, to *mold* a Prince, deſign'd
The Univerſal Monarch of Mankind;
Or did ſome *darling* Land intend to bleſs,
With Peace at home, abroad with ſure Succeſs;
'Twou'd give him *Virtue* firſt, and that wou'd prove,
The ſtrongeſt *Cord* of Loyalty and Love:
True to his word -- *above* all mean deceit,
What e're he ſpake as fixt, as *firm* as Fate:
Wiſe as the Gods, his thoughts as *deep* ſhou'd be,
And as irrevocable his Decree:
His *Sword*, ſpite of his *Glory*, reſt ſhou'd take,
And nought but Juſtice its dread vengeance *wake*;
But when that calls, and breaks the pregnant cloud,
The fatal *Thunder* then ſhou'd roar aloud.
Down with proud Oaks, the *Tyrants* of the Wood,
And never reſt till fully *quencht* in Blood.

Let *France* be judg, nay brutish *Ireland* too,
(If Heav'n with Reason did those *Wolves* endue)
If happy *England* has not now, alone,
Just such a Prince to fill its mighty Throne.
Heavens -- I have found him -- yes -- I'm sure 'tis He;
I hear him cry at *Mons* -- *To me, to me.*
Through Rocks, through Hills, through Woods he cuts his way,
And scorns that *Nature* shou'd oblige his stay:
O're horrid *precipices* headlong flings,
Sure Angels bear him up, or else h' has Wings.
(On either side an *English* Hero's found,
With fate and gloomy Death encompast round.)
He charges on through Smoak, through Flames, through Fire;
Griev'd that his dastard Foes so soon retire;
Nor stop they at a *precipices* brim,
Through Rivers and Rocks, they tumble to scape from him.
How am I *heated* with th' unequal Theme?
Now for some happy Lovers *Golden Dream*!
Cool Shades, sweet Bowers, and some soft bubbling Stream.
I see 'em all, these ne're can far remove,
But closely wait on *Beauty*, and on *Love*:
What ever's sweet, what ever's soft and fair,
Attend that Canopy -- *the Queen is there.*
Look *Stoicks*, look -- you moving lumps of Steel,
Whose stubborn Souls can no soft passion feel!

You 're now *converted*, or I'll guess no more,
At least, that which you can't admire, adore.

The *Artist* when he wou'd a *Venus* make,
From this a *Lip*, from that an *Eye* did take,
Summ all the Beauties up you've seen before,
You 're something near her then, though still she's *more*.

It is confest that Queens must ne're be told,
By those who'd please, that they're *deform'd*, or *old*.
That Crowns may dazle Eyes, and cause mistakes,
That Flattery, Beauty always *finds* or *makes*;
That *Poets* oft th' experiment have try'd,
Oft made *false Majesty* of *real Pride*.
But were she not a *Queen*, she's not less fair,
'Tis more to merit *Crowns* than them to wear.
Were there no Poet who the World had shown,
Yet all the impartial World these Truths must own.

Glorious *Eliza* is in her improv'd,
More lovely', as virtuous, and as much belov'd.
Go you *blest pair* with happy Omens go,
We'll mingled Palms, and mingled Roses strow:
Go to the Temple *England* happy make,
And *honour* all those Crowns you *deign* to take.

Cou'd *Cowley* from his Bow'r of Bliss return,
And a few moments hover o're his urn:
You, Royal pair! and your past Fortunes view,
How would he think his *Davideis* writ for you.

A rigid *Father* here, too like, design'd,
Like yours unequal, and like yours unkind:
A *Prince* who bravely struggled with his Fate;
A *Princess*, who despis'd her Fathers hate:
Till Fortune did for all her Ills attone,
And fix'd 'em both at last on his forsaken Throne.

See -- all the mighty *Gemi* next appear,
Who slept in Marble many Ages here:
From those who conquer'd *France*, or *Spain* withstood,
To *Charles* the (Ah too) Merciful, and *Good*.
The valiant *Henry*'s, and bold *Edwards* rise,
On their old *Trophies* lean, and feast their Eyes:
Shake their *long Swords* with shameful rust destroy'd;
With their reviving Glories overjoy'd.
Even Popish *Mary*'s pleas'd, so much she's chang'd,
The *Loss of Calais* yet shall be reveng'd.

But chiefly *Charles* who did the *Groundwork* lay,
So many a year before, of this blest day.
That *Match*, which since th' Event so wise has shown,
We can no longer now lament *his own*.
Scarce did he look more pleas'd when once he made,
Through the glad Town his wondrous *Cavalcade*.
The day like this, like happy *Orange* he;
As welcome, and as wisht as this cou'd be.
Charles heal'd our *wounds*, and so does *Orange* too,
O may they now, as then, ne're bleed *anew*.

With

With equal *Complaiſance* he knew not where
To fix his Eyes, and both had equal ſhare;
On *both* he gaz'd, and *both* he long ſurvey'd,
Till turning to the *Hero*, thus he ſaid.
(Methought I heard him whiſper't in his Ear,
So low, none cou'd beſides a *Poet*, hear.)
Go thou, whom Fates for all that's Great deſign,
Go on thou Pride and Glory of our *Line*!
Who would'ſt almoſt a *Regicide* reclaim,
And make him love our *Family* and Name.
What's wanting give, and what's amiſs amend!
Perform all that which I could but *intend*!
Happy in Peace, ſucceſsful in thy Wars,
Thou *Europe*'s *wounds* ſhalt heal, and *Englands Scars*.
What ſeems *Impoſſible* ſhall eaſie be:
Go then, and act what Fate *reſerves* for Thee!
The *Iriſh* teach Civility and *Senſe*,
And Faith, and Peace, the haughty treacherous *French*.
Thy own lov'd *Engliſh*, *Unity*, and *Love*,
Then mount from Gods *below* to thoſe *above*!

FINIS.